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dent to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea. Drowsiness, Distress after

sating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels.

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who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them.

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IN EFFECT SUNDAY, MAY 17, 1896.

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A M P M — Wilmington— 2 00 Lv. Walnut Street .A 7 06 2 10 Lv. Surry Street .A 9 59 Ar. JacksonvilleL 11 06 3 58 Lv. JacksonvilleA 11 53 4 30 Lv. MaysvilleL 12 30 4 44 Lv. PollocksvilleL 1 26 5 20 Ar. Newbern	12 30 3 2 12 0 12 0 10 42 10 2

Nos. 5 and 6 mixed trains. Nos. 7 and 8 passenger trains. Trains 8 and 7 p. m. make connection with trains on A. & N. C. R. R. for Morehead City and Beaufort. Connection with steamer Neuse at Newbern to and from Elizabeth City and Nor-folk Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Steamer Geo. D. Purdy makes daily trips between Jacksonville and New River

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23, "Bring hither the fatted calf and kill

In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity-the signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the inauguration of presidents, the coronation of kings, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have a stinted supply, on Thanksgiving day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity. Something has happened on the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever has got tired of sightseeing and has returned to his father's house. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come back. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims celebration. There is in the paddock a calf that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity, so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah, there never would be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work and the house-keepers bring in to the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in, and an extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table and says grace and thanks God that his long absent boy is home again. Oh, how they missed him! How glad they are to have him back! One brother stands pouting at the back

door and says:" This is a great ado about nothing. This bad boy should have been chastised instead of greeted. Veal is too good for him." But the father says, "Nothing is too good; nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music He was dead, and he is alive again. He was lost, and he is found. By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merrymaking when a soul comes home to THE JOY OF A CONVERT.

First of all there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who in the parlors of our church professed Christ one night was a young man who next morning rang my doorbell and said: Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel. I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so." You have seen perhaps a man running for his temporal liberty and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you hear the judge had pardoned him, and how great was the glee of that rescued man, but it is a very tame thing that, compared with the running for one's everlasting life, the terrors of the law after him and Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save.

You remember John Bunyan in his great story tells how the pilgrim put his fingers to his ears and ran, crying, "Life life, eternal life!" A poor car driver some time ago, after years having had to struggle to support his family, suddenly was informed that a large inheritance was his, and there was a joy amounting to bewilderment, but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the title deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of , heaven, and he can truly say, "Its mansions are mine; its temples are mine; its songs are mine; its God is mine!" Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian! It is a merrymaking; it is the killing of the fatted calf; it is a jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something delightful. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to water-bright, flashing water, to the morning-roscate, fireworked, mountain transfigured morning. I wish I could today take all the Bible expressions about pardon and peace and life and comfort and hope and heaven and twist them into one garland and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in the assemblage and cry, "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty!" Oh, the joy of the new convert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service! You gladness of the Christian service! have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience. He arose in the presence of two churches-the church on earth and the church in heaven-and he said, "Now, this is my experience, sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothpossessing all things." If the people in this house knew the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sandeman was dying of cholera, his attendant said, "Have you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him. "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" would. Tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out: "Stop. Lord, it is enough; stop, Lord, enough!" Oh, the joys of this Christian religion! Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging, joys of this world, into the raptures of the gospel. The world cannot satisfy you: you have found that out. Alexandlonging for other worlds to conquer, and yet drowned in his own bottle: Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world: Voltaire cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were arnatizes. Oh, come over into this greater by, this sublime solace, this magnificent

There is a land of pure delight. And when he came to the next line there were scores of voices singing:

eautitude! The night after the battle of

'hiloh, and there were thousands of vounded on the field, and the ambulances

had not come, one Christian soldier, lying

there a dying under the starlight, began

The song was caught up all through the fields among the wounded until it was said there were at least 10,000 wounded men uniting their voices as they came to

Where saints immortal reign.

There everlasting spring abides And never withering flowers.
'Tis but a narrow stream divides This heavenly land from ours.

A MOMENTOUS STEP. Oh, it is a great religion to live by and a great religion to die by! There is only

A FESTIVE RELIGION.

But you know it, you know it. When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went forth with him, and, getting him into a field, the guardian angel swept a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor, and he forces came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle. They could not pass. But one day a temptress, with diamonded hand, stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne what is called the clock scene. Flat down on the pillow in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her inand. She was waiting for the hour when the minismove her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of state should gather in angry con-test and, worried and wornout by the coming hour and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power—the strange power which delirium sometimes gives one—she arose and stood in front of the clock, and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is a clock seeme in but soon died. There is a clock scene in every history. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out from your delirium of sin and look on the clock of your destiny this moment, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, and every swing of the pendulum would say, "Now, now, now, now!" Oh, come home to your Father's house! Come home. O prodigal, from the wilderness! Come home, come home! But I notice that when the prodigal

came there was the fther's joy. He did not greet him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say: You are unfit to enter. Go and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in. We have had enough trouble with you." Ah, no! When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your father. I have not much sympathy with the description of God I sometimes hear, as though he were a Turkish sultan, hard and unsympathetic and listening not to the cry of his subjects. A man told me he saw in one of the eastern lands a king riding along, and two men were in alteration, and one charged the other with having eaten his rice, and the king said, "Then slay the man, and by post mortem ex-amination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was slain. Ah, the cruelty of a scene like that! Our God is not a sultan, not a despot, but a Father, kind, loving, forgiving, and he makes all heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure," he says, "in the death of him that dieth." All may be saved. If a man does not get to heaven, it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph, you may ride one of them, and, as God is greater than all, his joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in his heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, the rivers of pleasure, all the thrones of pomp and all the ages of eternity. It is joy deeper than all depth, and higher than all height, and wider than all width, and vaster than all immensity. It oversteps, it undergirds, it outweighs all the united splendor and joy of the universe, and who can tell what God's joy is? You remember reading the story of a king who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and sold among the people, who sent valuable presents to his courtiers, but methinks, when a soul comes back, God is so glad that to express his joy he flings out new worlds into space and kindles up new suns and rolls among the white robed anthems of the redeemed a greater halleluiah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlasting gates he cries, "This my son was dead, and he is alive again!"

THE HOME COMING. At the opening of the exposition in New Orleans I saw a Mexican flutist, and he played the solo, and then afterward the eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in, but the sound of that one flute, as compared with all the orchestras, was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God. For ten years a father went three times a day to the depot. His son went off in aggravating circumstances, but the father said, "He will come back." The strain was too much, and his mind parted, and three times a day the father went. In the early morning he watched the train, its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers and then the departure of the train. At noon he was there again watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night he was there again watching the coming, watching the going, for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, 10 years, 20 years, 30 years, 40 years, perhaps years, waiting, waiting, watching, watching, and if now the prodigal should come home what, a scene of gladness and festivity, and how the great father's heart would rejoice at your coming home! You will come, some of you, will you not? You will, you will. I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel! I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not break down with emotion, but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin I feel in body, mind and soul a transport. When I see a man bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation. JOY OF SAVING SOULS.

When in one communion service such throngs of young and old stood up and in the presence of heaven and earth and hell attested their allegiance to Jesus Christ, I felt a joy something akin to that which the apostle describes when he says: "Whether in the body I cannot tell, or out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth." Oh, have not ministers a right to rejoice when a prodigal comes home? They blew the trumpet, and ought they not be glad of the gathering of the host? They pointed to the full supply, and ought they not rejoice when thirsty souls plunge as the hart for the water brooks? They came forth, saying, "All things are now ready." Ought they not to rejoice when the prodigal sits down at the banquet? Life insurance men will all tell you that plauding him: Henry II consuming with ministers of religion as a class live longer hatred against poor Thomas a Becket—all | than any other. It is the statistics of all | annot make a man happy. The very ty that ministers of religion as a class by parsimonious congregations who wondered at the dullness of the sermon when the men of God were perplexed almost to death by questions of livelihood and had not enough nutritious food to keep any fire in their temperament. No fuel, no fire. I have sometimes seen the inside of the life of many of the American clergy-men, never accepting their hospitality because they cannot afford it, but I have seen them struggle on with salaries of \$500 or \$600 a year-the average less than that-their struggle well depicted by the western missionary, who says in a letter: "Thank you for the last remittance. Until it came we had not any meat in our house for one year, and all last winter, although it was a severe winter, our children wore their summer clothes." And these men of God I find in different parts of the land struggling against annoyance and exas-perations innumerable, some of them week after week entertaining agents who have maps or lightning rods to sell and submitting themselves to all styles of annoyance and yet without complaint and cheerful of soul.

How do you account for the fact that these life insurance men tell us that ministers as a class live longer than any Painless, and not astringent or poisonous.

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A great religion to die by: There is only one that throb between you and that religion. Just look into the face of your pardoning God and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and he is yours, and heaven is yours, and all yours. Some of \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75.

Circular sent on request.

A great religion to die by: There is only other? It is because of the joy of their work, the joy of the harvest field, the joy of greeting prodigals home to their Fathouse. Oh. we are in sympathy with heaven is yours, and all yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have hearty song, and we can be merry with hearty song and we can be merry with hearty song and we can be

toiled in the service are ready to testify that all these joys are tame compared with the satisfaction of seeing men enter the kingdom of God. The great eras of every ministry are the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I thank God I have seen 16 of them. Thank God, thank God!

SHORT PRAYERS.

I notice also when the prodigal comes back all earnest Christians rejoice. If you stood on Montauk point and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed into the rocks, and you saw people get ed into the rocks, and you saw people get ashore in the lifeboats, and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus. plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus. Oh, when prodigals come home, just hear the Christians sing! Just hear the Christians pray! It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over again for 20 years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. No long prayers. Men never pray at great lengths unless they have rothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers. "God be merciful to me, a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me, or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, less than eight minutes, according to the ordinary eight minutes, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation. And just hear them pray now that the prodigals are coming home. Just see them shake hands. No fingers in a formal way, but a hearty grasp, where the muscles of the heart seem to clinch the fingers of one hand around the other hand. And then see those Christian faces, how illuminated they are! And see that old man get up and with the same voice that he sang 50 years ago in the old country meeting house, say, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

There was a man of Keith who was hurled into prison in time of persecution, and one day he got off his shackles, and he came and stood by the prison door, and, when the jailer was opening the door, with one stroke he struck down the man who had incarcerated him. Passing along the streets of London, he wondered where his family was. He did not dare to ask, lest he excite suspicion; but, passing along a little way from the prison, he saw a Keith tankard, a cup that belonged to the family from generation to family, hoping that some day he would get clear, came and lived as near as they could to the prison house, and they set that Keith tankard in the window, hoping he would see it, and he came along and saw it and knocked at the door and when in, and the long separated family were all together again. Oh, if you would start for the kingdom of God this bour, I think some of you would find nearly all your friends and nearly all your families around the holy tankard of the holy communion—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters—around that sacred tankard which commemorates the love of Jesus Christ, our Lord. It will be a great communion day when your whole family sits around the sacred tankard. One on earth. One

Once more I remark that when the prod igal gets back the inhabitants of heaven keep festal. I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a telegraph chart. you have no idea how many cities are connected together and how many lands. Nearly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem reticulated, and news flies from city to city and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls now present should enter the kingdom there would be ome one in the heavenly kingdom to say. 'That's my father." "That's my mother.' "That's my son." "That's the one I used to pray for." "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears." and one soul would av. "Hosanna!" and another would say, "Hallelulah!"

Pleased with the news, the saints below In sangs their tongues employ. Beyond the skies the tidings go. And heaven is filled with joy.

Nor angels can their joy contain, But kindle with new fire. The sinner lost is found, they sing, And strike the sounding lyre.

A FINE PICTURE. Philip the conqueror, at the Grecian banquet sat Socrates the philosopher, but at our Father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and lands. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorified of heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand. The robe of a Saviour's righteousness a-droop from every shoulder. The wine that grows in the cups is from the bowls of 10,000 sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth and all the glorified of heaven rise and with gleaming chalices drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing, sing, sing! "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!" That scene of jubilance comes out before me this moment as in a sort of picture gallery. All heaven in pictures.

Look, look! There is Christ! Cuyp painted him for earthly galleries, and Correggio and Tintoretto and Benjamin West and Dore painted him for earthly galleries, but all those pictures are eclips-

ed by this masterpiece of heaven. Christ, Christ! There is Paul, the hero of the sanhedrin, and of Agrippa's courtrooom and of Mars hill, and of Nero's infamy, shaking his chained fist in the very face of teeth chattering royalty. Here is Joshua, the fighter of Bethoron and Gibeon, the man that postponed sundown. And here is Vashti, the profligacy of the Persian court unable to remove her veil of modesty or rend it or lift it. And along the corridors of this picture gallery I find other great heroes and heroines-David with his harp, and Miriam with the cym bals, and Zechariah with the scroll, and St. John with the seven vials, and the resurrection angel with the trumpet. On farther in the corridors, see the faces of our loved ones. The cough gone from the throat, the wanness gone from the limbs, the languor gone from the eye. Let us go up and greet them. Let us go up and embrace them. Let us go up and live with them. We will, we will! From this hilltop I catch a glimpse of those hilltops where all sorrow and sighing shall be done away. Oh, that God would make that world to us a reality! Faith in that world helped old Dr. Tyng when he stood by the casket of his dead son whose arm had been torn off in the thrashing machine, death ensuing, and Dr. Tyng, with infinite composure, preached the funeral sermon of his own beloved son. Faith in that world helped Martin Luther without one tear to put away in death his favorite child. Faith on the sky the letter "W," and the

in that world helped the dying woman to 'llustrations of the fact that this world | those who calculate upon human longevi- asked her what she supposed that letter "W" on the sky meant. "Oh," she said, "don't you know? 'W' stands for 'Wel-come.' "Oh, heaven, swing open thy annot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the inddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode thouted in the street. "God save the tueen!" One moment the world applauds and the next moment the world anathematical many other profession, and the next moment the world anathematical many other. Why it it? "don't you know? 'W' stands for 'Wel-tueen!" Oh, heaven, roll upon us some of the sunshine anthems! Oh, heaven, roll upon us some of the sunshine anthems! Oh, heaven, fash upon the sunshine anthems! Oh, heaven, roll upon us some of the sunshine anthems! writer tells us of a ship coming from India to France. The crew was made up of French sailors who had been long from home, and as the ship came along the coast of France the men skipped the deck with glee, and they pointed to the spires of the churches where they once worship-ed and to the hills where they had played in boyhood. But when the ship came into port, and these sailors saw father and mother and wife and loved ones on the wharf, they sprang ashore and rushed up the banks into the city, and the captain had to get another crew to bring the ship to her moorings. So heaven will after awhile come so fully in sight we can see its towers, its mansions, its hills, and as we go into port and our loved ones shall call from that shining shore and speak our names we will spring to the beach, leaving this old ship of a world to be managed by another crew, our rouvey

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The Secretaries, Save Gage, Most the Supreme Court at the White House and are Sworn in-Secretary Gage Takes the Oath at the Treasury-Difficulty in Finding a Bible in the White House.

Washington, March 6 .- All the members of the new cabinet except Mr. Gage met in the cabinet room adjoining the president's office at 10:30 o'clock this morning, when, accoring to arrangements, the chief justice was expected to administer the oath of office. Mr. Gage had not understood this programme, nor apparently had Chief Tuetice Fuller, who had made an appointment to swear-in the new secretary of the treasury in the treasury department at 11:15 o'clock, and Mr. Gage had issued a number of invitations to Illinoisians to witness the ceremony. The entire supreme court also had an engagement to call on the president in a body at 11 o'clock to pay their respects, and this was the only part of the day's programme that occurred strictly on schedule time.

The confusion at the White house was extraordinary all the morning due to the crowds of persons who had in some way secured cards of introduction, and to the numerous congressmen who appeared with constituents who wished to see all the apartments and who in many instances succeeded.

Secretary Porter's office was overrun with senators and representatives, but he denied himself to then and remained with the president in the cabinet room. While the meeting of the president and his advisors was continuing and every effort being made to reach Chief Justice Fuller to administer the oath, the supreme court was suddenly announced a few moments before 11 o'clock and the president hurried down stairs into the Blue parlor to greet them. After the usual formalities of this reception, when the chief justice learned that the cabinet had been waiting for him, he suggested for convenience that the ceremony might as well be performed at once in the presence of the court, and this was promptly acted upon. The oath was administered to the secretary of state at 11:15 o'clock and to the others in rapid succession in the following order: General Alger, Judge McKenna, ex-Governor Long, Mr. Bliss, Mr. Gary and Mr.

The ceremony was in the nature of a private affairs, but for all that and the limited number that witnessed it. the were Mr. Porter, his secretary, and Lieutenant Gilmore . of the regular army, who has been assigned to duty as temporary aid to the president, we T. C. Bancroft Davis, the venerable reporter of the supreme court, and Mr. Foust, the crier, were also present When the president and the members

of the cabinet had assented to the suggestion of Chief Justice Fuller that the oath of office be administered at once to Major McKinley's official family, it was ascertained that none of the dignified judges had brought a Bible. Then a search was made for one around the White house. An usher finally produced the required volume, a tattered copy used in settling disputes on scriptural phrasology between two argumentative employes of the White house force. The distinguished party meanwhile had proceeded from the cabinet room through the private part of the mansion to the rear or private stairway down which they walked slowly and with dignity. The crowds in the lobby, the office corridor and on the public stairway were thus avoided and few of At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero the unfortunate throng that had good the orator, at the Macedonian festival sat fortunate enough to obtain admission knew of what was going on behind the big prosaic door that President Arthur had caused to be erected between an interested public and people who hahind that official position, did not involve a total surrender of privacy. Justice Brown is a Michigan man, a resident of Detroit, and it was at the request of General Alger, his fellowtownsman, that he swore in the new secretary of war. The chief justice and Justice Gray administered the oath to the other members present. At the conclusion of the ceremony the members of the supreme court filed out of the Blue room to the public lobby, the tall and distinguished Justice Harlen leading the way with the venerable Justice Field leaning on his arm. The president and his new advisors went up stairs to the cabinet room to get their overcoats and hats, and then proceeded to their respective departments to meet the officials and employes of each. jurists went over to the treasum da-

Chief Justice Fuller and his fellow partment and met Secretary Carlisle and Mr Lyman J. Gage in the office of the secretary. There the oath was administered to Mr Gage, before a large number of officials and clerks. Nearly everybody in the department had a

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oppressed feeling in my Health..... chest, weak and hungry spells, bad dreams, could not lie on either side, was numb and suffered terribly. I took Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and before I finished the second bottle I felt its good effects, I feel now that I am fully recovered, and that Dr.

Miles' Heart Cure saved my life." Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on guarantee that first bottle benefits, or money refunded.

hand when the ceremony was over and Mr. Gage did not get a rest until noom, A brief informal meeting of the new cabinet was held in the cabinet room just prior to the swearing in. Nothing important was said or done. The door of the cabinet room was left open while the president and his advisors talked and many of those waiting in the corridor that serves as a waiting room, were interested spectators of the scene. President McKinley walked around the cabinet table chatting with each member. The first delegation that the president saw after the cabinet installation consisted of Adjutant General Howe, and most of those who had been on Major McKinley's staff while he was governor of Ohlo. They were accompanied by a number of ladies. Then he went into the East room to shake hands with another great crowd of vis-

THE INCENDIARY CASE.

Martin Dixon Held in the Guardhouse as a Witness Against Ex-Policeman Fred P. Howland.

Quite a large crowd was in attendance yesterday at noon upon the city court, in anticipation that Mayor Harriss would give a hearing to Martin Dickson, who was arrested last Thursday on suspicion of being the accomplice of ex-Policeman Fred P. Howland who was arrested on Thursday on the charge of setting fire to the naval stores yard of Messrs. Robinson & King: Dickson, however, was not

brought into court. Mayor Harriss stated that no examination of Dickson would be held, as he committed him under a bond of \$250 to be held as a witness in the case. Dickson cannot give the bond and is kept in the city prison.

Express Service for the Shipment of Berries.

Mr. Charles L. Loop, of Chattanooga, Tenn., traffic manager of the Southern Express Company, and Mr. W. J. Crosswell, of this city, division superintendent of the Southern Express Company, met in this city yesterday the representatives of the Eastern North Carolina Fruit Growers and Truckers' Association, to arrange for a special express service on the Atlantio dainty Blue room was pretty well filled. | Coast Line during the strawberry and President McKinley was seemingly the huckleberry season. The representatives of theassociation here were Mayor W. L. Hill, of Warsaw, the president, and Messrs. J. S. Westbrook, of Faison, and J. A. Westbrook, of Mt. Olive.

The bery season will open about the 20th of April, and the Express Company will make satisfactory arrangements for their service in the shipment of berries and truck.

Snatch Thief Arrested.

Deputy Sheriff J. P. Flynn yesterday arrested John Dobson, colored, who, on the 17th of last August, stole a gold watch from Mrs. Watts, of Goldsboro. He caught him on the corner of Fourth and Nixon streets.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Watte was here on an excursion last summer and Dobson snatched a satchel from her hand on the train as it was about to leave the city on the return. Dobson is an ex-penitentiary convict, having served a term for robbing Mercer & Evans' shoe store.

A NOTED ATLANTA CASE.

For four years I have been afflicted with a very troublesome nesal catarrh. So terrible has its nature been that when I blew my nose small pieces of bone would frequently come out of my mouth and nose. The discharge was copious, and at times very offensive. My blood became so impure that my general health was greatly impaired, with poor appetite and worse digestion. Numerous medicines were used without relief, until I began the use of Botanic Blood Balm-B. B. B.-and there bottles acted almost like magic. Since its use, over a year, not a symptom has returned, and I feel in every way quite restored in health. I am an old citizen of Atlanta, and refer to almost any one living on Butler street, and more particularly to Dr. L. M. Gillam, who knows my case.

MRS. ELIZABETH KNOTT. Atlanta, Ga. Don't buy substitutes, said to be "just as good," but buy the old reliable and standard Blood Purifier of the age. B. B. \$1.00 per large bottle. For sale by Druggists.

A Born Trombone Player.

The following complimentary extracts from letters from Mr. Jules Levy, the world renowned cornet player, and who is the principal instructor at the Conn Conservatory of Military Band Music, Elkhart, Ind., to Mr. J. A. Crews, the Messenger's traveling representative, with regard to his son, Mr. J. A. Crews, Jr., who is a student under Mr. Levy, will be read with interest by his many young friends in this city and towns of the state:

Elkhart, Ind., February 21. Mr. J. A. Crews, Sr.:

Dear Sir-I must write again and tell you one or two things about your son. In the first place, he is a born trombone player, and with a desire to practice more diligently I am confident he would become one of the finest trombone soloists in the world. I gave him a solo the other day entitled "Oh, Ruddier Than the Cherry," from the classical opera, "Acix and Galatia," from the pen of the great composer, Handel, who composed the "Messiah," and he played it like an artist. He is strong and well adapted to the instrument he has chosen. He is very attentive and persevering, has a fine tone and considerable execution, and I will try my very best to make him one of the foremost soloists of the day, which is saying a great deal. I say once more, if he followed my advice he would, in the course of six months, become a very fine trombone player.

I remain sincerely yours, JULES LEVY.

Warships Searched for Filibusters. Tallahassee, Fla., March 8.-It is reported here this afternoon that much excitement has been caused down that gulf coast south of here anent the cruisers' search for fillbusters. The Texas, Marblehead, Montgomery and one other are reported in the waters south of Carrabelle. The wires and down tonight and full information cannot be had. It was rumored here to night that one vessel had been causet. but it could not be verified. Government inspectors are here by the score.